

# The Pocahontas Times.

VOL. XXXVII NO. 16

MARLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1918

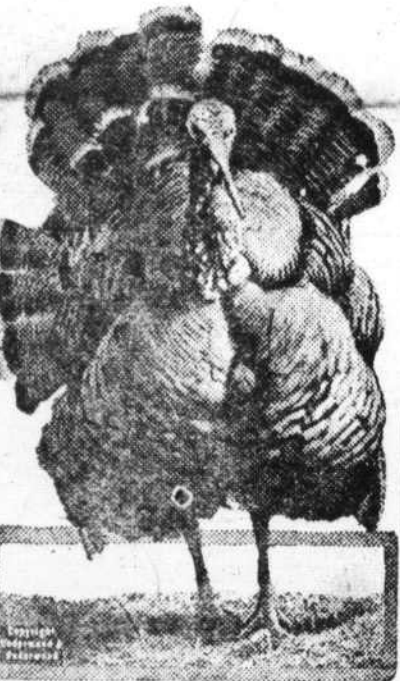
\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

This Year the Spirit of Thanksgiving Should Properly Be Filled With Praise.

WHO that views the universe in its orderly movements and sees the mind of the Almighty in the fixed blessings of existence can doubt that out from the cataclysms of the world war the choice of blessing or cursing will work out in the victory of the good? The old cry, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" needs no longer be voiced. God has not forgotten to be gracious. So that, as the Americans assemble in their churches on the day set apart for expressing national gratitude, they will rejoice above all else that the nation of freemen has adopted as its motto: "Whom the Lord makes free is free indeed." Let them rejoice that America is bent upon proclaiming liberty to the entire world of the earth. The curse of autocracy, the curse of a blasphemous assumption that God is on the side of the strongest battalions, the curse of debauchery of human ideals and human aspirations, the curse of the establishment of power in the place of purity—this is the cursing that is being wiped out in blood. The blessing of world peace and the prevalence of the spirit of brotherhood and of mutual advancement for the peoples—such is the peace that is being wrought out. The United States has placed its altars on the altar, realizing that sacrifice is the noblest virtue of a nation. Hence, while exuberance may not abound, the spirit of thanksgiving is filled with praise over the mighty manner in which the mind of the Almighty is being made clear in the movements of the times; with the United States playing a leading part in its impressive unfolding.

**No Time to Abandon Custom.**  
It has long been the honored custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. That custom we can follow now, even in the midst of the tragedy of a world shaken by war and immediate disaster, in the midst of sorrow and great peril.

## O Bird of Joy



**MARLINTON METHODIST CHURCH**  
Rev. W. D. Keene, Pastor.  
Sunday school promptly at 9.45.  
Preaching morning and evening. Subjects: "St. Paul's Appeal for a Godly Life" and "The Undeatable". The Holy Communion at the morning hour. Epworth League at 7 o'clock. F. M. Sydnor, leader.

Our Nation's Greatness Founded on Fatherhood of Man and Brotherhood of God.

WITH the growth of the nation there has been corresponding growth in responsibility. The raw experiment of a nation framed from the skeleton colonies of the eastern seaboard has proved the greatest success in government the world has ever known. Democracy sits at the tables of the land today. Brotherhood asks its helping from the amply filled boards of the American home. These two attributes of the American people fully express the secret of America's success as a nation. The growth of the nation has been in accord with the extension of these ideas. They are both home ideas, and therefore they are both ideas that express the inner spirit of the day of thanksgiving.

The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—these were the leading conceptions of the Pilgrim Fathers. They are the leading conceptions of the sons of those fathers today. They are the conceptions that can never be made hackneyed by hypocritical use or by dogmatic abuse. They will stand forth in the genius and action of the American people until each year shall add praise to praise in the measure of the fullness of reasons for the giving of thanks. Peace, provision, protection—these are the prized possessions of a nation whose one aim is to exalt the ends of human liberty, to extend human democracy and to exalt the ideals of human equality. As this nation touches the world at large it does so through its leading national conceptions, and only when these are vitally assailed can it take up arms for its own defense. It has the obligation resting upon it to conserve the true needs of liberty, and this can be done only by insisting upon the sacredness of human rights and human opportunities. Hence the day set aside for thanks is a day of pure and unadulterated Americanism, into which no alien sentiment can possibly enter. Hence it is that every head of the family in acting in his capacity at the head of the family board becomes the priest of the things made precious in the life of the country and of which mention is made as thanksgiving themes of the day. No more can the nation depart from its lofty mission and progressive ideals than can the earth swing away from the solar attraction. The day of home happiness, the day of praise, the day of felicity is a sacred and singular day in the annals of American progress and American world influence.

The turkey is an American bird. Iucullus and the Epicureans did not know about him. He was found in his wild state after Columbus' first voyage. About a hundred years after the discovery of America broiled young turkeys became great delicacies on the Frenchman's table.

**Turkey Belongs to America.**  
The State of West Virginia will decorate a block of New York's Fifth Avenue to welcome the incoming soldiers who will begin to arrive soon.

The government has raised the ban on building material, and there is now no restrictions on construction projects.

# Thanksgiving 1918

A. S. J. Duncan Clark

O God, we thank Thee for the broken sleep,  
The passing of the self-complacent dream,  
For opened eyes, for hearts aroused that leap  
To follow Freedom's gleam!

We thank Thee we no longer stand aside  
In neutral safety, while earth's highways run  
Red with the blood of those who fought and died  
To save us from the Hun.

We thank Thee for our women, who refrain  
From sob and tear and smile a brave farewell!  
We thank Thee for our lads, who, not in vain,  
Shall march, eyes front, through hell!

We thank Thee for the hope—O Lord, how long?—  
The faith that we shall yet rebuild our peace  
In larger comradeship, and greet with song  
The day when wars shall cease!

But, 'til that day, O God, make stout our heart,  
Quicken its flame, grant wisdom and control,  
And take our thanks that we may play our part,  
That we have saved our soul!

## The Sound Absorber

by Florence Gray Webster

THE Harvard-Yale football game was on at the stadium, and a demonstration of the Sound Absorber was shortly to be on.

Hon. William Gazukes, the millionaire, who seemed to be renewing his youth, sat chatting excitedly with the inventor and a party of friends. It seems that the Hon. Gazukes had recently been forced, through a practical joke on himself, to become interested in this sound absorber and to realize that it had a variety of possibilities, for his friend, Faxon, the inventor, had lain in wait for him one day by the side of a building. He had seen the millionaire coming toward him, earnestly engaged in conversation, and wishing to demonstrate his invention, he had quickly sprung upon a barrel and, as quickly, he had set the absorber in rapid vibration, so as to disturb the atmosphere before the faces of the gentlemen. Neither was able to hear the other, and after much consternation Faxon, with a twinkle in his eye, confronted them.

The millionaire then became anxious to try it on a crowd, and had secured seats for his friends in little groups about the stadium, all of them being located within the Yale cheering line. "Little do people about us know what we have on our minds," he was saying.

They were happily expectant and laughed as the old gentleman added: "Or should I say: 'on our coats?'" for each one of the 30 men in the party was supplied with a sound absorber. This invention was simply a circular plate, with curving edges, looking something like a flattened bowl. The



Had Laid in Wait for Him.

late was to catch vibrations, which were carried in waves to their ears through the atmosphere around them. In the center of the apparatus were small revolving plates, which, being fanlike, when set in motion would break up, by an area of disturbed air,

the sound waves assembled in the bowl. For, as the inventor argued, we cannot prevent the creation of noises, but we can in a great measure stop them from annoying us.

Not caring to attract attention, the men had hooked the plates across their inner coats at the chest, hanging them from the front edges of their overcoat sleeve holes, and allowing the flaps of their coats to hang out and hide them from the side view. The batteries which were to set the fans in motion were in an inner pocket of each coat.

Harvard rooters were busy, alternately with Yale's. The game stood 6-0 for Harvard at the first half. Bands were playing and college songs had been sung. Red and blue flags and banners were waved in the spirit of the game of the season. The women, whose costumes displayed predominantly the colors of their respective teams, lent a gayety to the scene.

The Crimson had emitted in one roar "Rah rah rah! Rah rah rah! Rah rah rah! Har-ward!" and Yale was getting ready.

Young men, swinging their arms to get the Ells to yell together, looked in surprise that there was no response. Again they tried, but could not hear themselves.

Everyone was wondering what was the matter. Plainly the leaders had been heard in the first place, but there was no response. No one had



Amazement on Every Face.

sense enough to close his mouth, notwithstanding it had apparently become useless, for there was only an occasional sound, as though half articulated, where some voice had not come within the range of the sound absorbers distributed through the crowd: "Say, I shall bust," groaned the inventor. "We will raise the devil. We must shut these things off," for amazement was evident on every face. "Am I bereft of my senses?" one man muttered.

Harvard, from her side, was shouting: "What's the matter with the Ells? They've lost their wind!" Everyone was keyed to a great tension, especially the Gazukes men, and all of them were greatly relieved when, on the third attempt, they heard the leaders of the Blues call: "Now, together. Rah rah rah! Rah rah rah! Yale! Hoo-ray! We're all right!"

Mr. Gazukes knew it would not do to interrupt the cheering again, and exhilarated with the first experiment, it was with much uneasiness that he waited for a further test at the theater later.

As the game proceeded, the inventor was whispering to the millionaire: "Wouldn't it be more fun than a barrel of monkeys to take it into the gallery of the stock exchange when Ells were being made? Orders would be given and, not being heard, would forever fail to be carried out. What

a pandemonium would result. How funny it would be to see the quotation men running back and forth before the board as the prices came in, but with no noise in the pit. "I rather think, though," said the millionaire, "that it would not be so roarily funny, when we were put off."

That evening at the performance of "Nancy's Fancies," the party was



Waiting Expectantly.

close to the orchestra. During the second act one of the conspirators leaned toward the millionaire, when, as previously arranged, they all turned on the absorbers suspended over their vests, and endeavored to whisper. "They can't imagine what's the matter." But the joke was on him, for he could not hear his own voice, and Mr. Gazukes could only guess at what he meant.

A trio behind the footlights was waiting expectantly for an introduction to their song. The conductor, who at first was quietly waving his baton and indicating for the first violin to commence, then looked angrily at him and nodded his head wildly to go on.

People were surprised. Although those in the front seats could see the bows passing over the instruments, there was no sound. The leader of the orchestra then indicated for the drummer to drum. The veins on his temples stood out and his hair seemed to rise from his forehead, while his spectacles slid along his nose to the furthest distance from their proper position. Now there was consternation that, while he seemed to be giving orders, no results were forthcoming, and, not understanding, the audience was getting restless, looking around.

Harvard's night at the theaters—when she wins—are dreaded perhaps as much by conductors as by the actors, who know that interruptions may be expected at the most inopportune times, and, awakening to the fact that this was some joke, the conductor commenced to scan the audience.

All this had taken but a few moments, although the time seemed an eternity to the men who occupied the entire second row. Already one of the chorus girls was "on," and they began to fear the partial obstruction of the persons in the front row would not be enough to shield them from the scrutiny of the actors. Involuntarily they drew their coats together and shut off the batteries. The millionaire rather sheepishly nudged the man next to him, but he was enjoying to the utmost his diabolical plan.

When things went smoothly again, the star improvised: "This was no fancy of Nancy's, neither was it a fancy of ours."

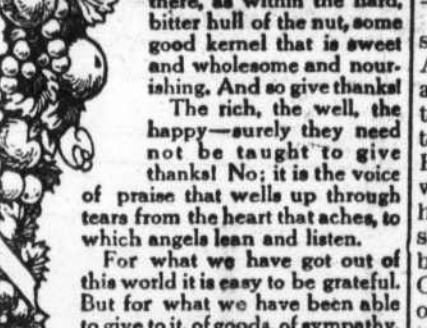
Hon. William Gazukes then whispered to the inventor: "I am convinced of the satisfactory working of the marvelous sound absorber." (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Much More Than Material Are the Blessings for Which We Now Give Thanks.

IT IS to be hoped that this Thanksgiving will not be a pagan holiday, and that those who do render thanks will do so not as a heathen philosopher, boasting that he is not as other men, but in greater humility because he has perhaps been more greatly blessed than others. Outside of the many material blessings that have come to the American people during the past year, which are good in so much as they contribute to wholesome human happiness, there is reason for the people of this country upon this Thanksgiving day to be unusually thoughtful concerning their place in the world, and to remember how this eminence has been obtained. Who can look back and not see the hand of Providence shaping the destiny of America? This liberty which is the marvel and the hope of the world today was set up on these shores by God-fearing men—the pioneers who inaugurated this very Thanksgiving holiday. It was for the love of the service of God that liberty was established in America, and it was this liberty that has been the basis of our national greatness and which is to be the political salvation of the world. America cannot look back upon its history without seeing God, and by taking thought cannot fail to acknowledge its gratitude for all its benefits. With that stage of our development passed we are now permitted to enter upon that new era when America participates in abolishing tyranny and injustice, ever hateful to God, and to carry to the oppressed nations of the world those principles of liberty through which our own chief blessings have come. This is the supreme service that one nation can render to another—to safeguard the liberties of its people. In this momentous time the burden of our Thanksgiving this year it seems should be that we are to be chief among the ministers in working out the Divine purpose to have all men—Greek and Barbarian—free.

Let Us Give Thanks

PLEASURES, prosperity, all the material blessings that abound—even ingrates can give thanks for these. Let us, at least this once in the long year, look deep into the heart of our sorrows, our failures, our disappointments, our dissensions, and see if there does not lie there, as within the hard, bitter hull of the nut, some good kernel that is sweet and wholesome and nourishing. And so give thanks! The rich, the well, the happy—surely they need not be taught to give thanks! No; it is the voice of praise that wells up through tears from the heart that reaches to which angels lean and listen. For what we have got out of this world it is easy to be grateful. But for what we have been able to give to it, of goods, of sympathy, of sacrifice, of cheer, of uplift, of soul-stuff—for this we may give thanks that will blend, infinitely sweet, into the eternal music of the spheres. So each of us, as different gems have different powers to reflect the light—let us give thanks.



KILLED IN ACTION

The Covington Virginian says that James A. Lefel has received a telegram that his son, Sergeant Alvey Roy Lefel was officially reported killed in action on October 16th.

Sergeant Lefel saw service on the Mexican border. He left Covington about a year ago, and was stationed at Anniston, Alabama until taken overseas. He was 21 years old, a member of the M. E. Church and was a young man of high moral standing.

Sergeant Lefel was a grandson of Mrs. Evaline Johnson, of Marlinton, and he has a host of relatives and in this community.

John W. Malcomb has received a telegram announcing the death of his nephew, James M. Malcomb, Co. L, 116th Infantry, 29th Division, from wounds received on the battlefield in France October. He was the oldest

## THANKSGIVING 1918

Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

It has long been our custom to turn in the autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. This year we have special and moving cause to be grateful and to rejoice. God has in his good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a mere relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of right. Complete victory has brought us not peace alone but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. Our gallant armies have participated in a triumph which is not marred or stained by any purpose of selfish aggression. In a righteous cause they have won immortal glory and have nobly served their nation in serving mankind. God has indeed been gracious. We have cause for such rejoicing as re-creates and strengthens us in all the best traditions of our national history. A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take new courage and look forward with new hope to new and greater duties.

While we render thanks for these things, let us not forget to seek divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors of act or purpose and pray that in all that we do we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build up the new structure of peace and good will among the nations.

Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America do hereby designate Thursday, the Twenty-Eighth day of November next, as a day of thanks and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupation and in their several homes and places of worship and render thanks to God, the Ruler of the Nations.

son of M. A. Malcomb, of Andalusia, Alabama, and was about 23 years of age. Lieut. Malcomb volunteered two years or more ago, saw service on the Mexican border, and was sent to France about a year ago. The last word received from him was a letter he wrote to his mother on October 17, saying that he had been wounded in battle by a high explosive shell on October 15, and that he was getting on pretty well.

Retail dealers in coal and coke in West Virginia must register with the county fuel administrator is the regulation sent out by the State Fuel Administrator J. Walter Barnes. The regulation becomes effective December 10. The necessary blanks will be forwarded within the next few days. There is no fee in connection with the registration. Persons ignoring the regulation may suffer the consequences by being automatically put out of business.

A choral club will be organized at the High School Friday night, November 28th. If you can sing or think you can sing, and desire to help make this a better town to live in, come out. Nothing helps more toward good understanding and better feeling than to tune up a community. Personally, this editor would like to join, but do not be needlessly alarmed—he will have to mind the children.

The Woman's Christian Union will meet, December 4th, at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Forrest Malcomb.

**This Agency**

feels compelled, from a sense of duty to its policy holders, to call attention to the increased cost of replacing property destroyed by fire, whether real or personal.

Have you considered that it will perhaps cost from 25 to 50 percent more to replace your building, furniture and other property, and if so, have you taken out a sufficient amount of additional insurance to protect this increased value? Many of our policy holders, have done so, but if you have not given the matter consideration, you will undoubtedly be glad to have it called to your attention.

**HUNTER & ECHOLS INSURANCE AGENCY INC**  
F. M. SYDNOR, MANAGER  
Marlinton, West Virginia.

**A Great War Lesson**

When our Government called for subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan, were you prepared to help?

For years the principals of thrift had been preached to the American people with little or no effect.

But war with its great demands, its sacrifices and its uncertainties has brought the great lesson home.

Start now that you may be prepared when the next call comes.

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

**First National Bank**  
Marlinton, W. Va.